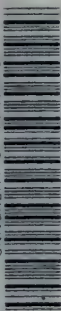


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Morley, E. Lillian
Songs of freedom

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SONGS *of* FREEDOM

by

E. Lillian Morley

Freedom

Tired, happy workers on their homeward way,
Small laughing children shouting in merry play;
Wide lighted windows through which we see
A family group having their evening tea;
Quiet of night enwrapping field and town,
Folk unafraid, asleep while distant stars look down;
Laughter and love beneath a peaceful sky—
This is the freedom for which men gladly die.

A Broadcast From England

Hark to the church bells ringing in London—
Bells of St. Clement Danes! Oft to their summons
Wended to worship the stern Doctor Johnson;
Our book-shelf seems almost to utter his voice.

Evening has fallen o'er the fair hills of Surrey,
Nightingales sing in a still English wood;
Crowds throng the Strand and old Piccadilly;
Folk far from England have sore, aching hearts.

Organ notes come from an ancient cathedral,
Voices are blended in evensong prayers;
Music floats to us from Blackpool's gay revel,
Dear is the memory of far summer days.

Big Ben is chiming the notes of the quarter-hour,
Tears dim our vision of Westminster's hall,
Where swings the bells in the old, storied tower;
England is calling her far-scattered sons.

England, thy voices tug at our heartstrings,
Dear homely sounds of the loved Motherland;
Wafted from heaven on invisible prayer-wings,
May God's richest blessing descend upon thee.



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Westminster Abbey Organ

In mighty tones from the great organ rolled
Wave after wave of noble melody;
Like trumpet call, the notes an Empire told
To rise and beg God's blessing on the King.

And I who stood within a narrow room
Gazing afar across Canadian fields,
Saw not long furrows, but the Abbey's gloom,
High age-old arches echoing our prayer.

So joined in harmony of prayer and song,
The world-wide Empire paid true fealty;
Within our hearts the joyful notes prolong,
And memory will keep them evermore.

A Song of Jubilee

Ring out, ye silver-throated bells,
Far on the air your message fling,
To all the listening world proclaim
The Jubilee of Britain's King.

Not sundered by the silver sea,
But joined within a silver ring,
A loyal Empire hails with joy
The Jubilee of Britain's King.

God save our gracious King and Queen,
With thankful hearts the people sing,
And pray that God may richly bless
The Jubilee of Britain's King.

In Tribute

And now has come the crowning day;
In order and by precedent
The King receives the royal sign,
And all the people give assent.

So hath it been for ages long,
So may it be for ages more,
The Monarchy sustained, secure,
The crowning as by ancient lore.

God bless our noble King and Queen,
Long may we own their gracious sway,
Gladly we hail their Sovereignty,
And loyally proud homage pay.

God Save Our King and Queen

Oh Canada, behold thy King
Who cometh unto thee,
He cometh to confirm thy right
Of glorious liberty;
Monarch and conqueror is he
Of every loyal heart,
God save our noble, gracious King
Honored and set apart.

Oh Canada, behold thy Queen,
So womanly and fair;
Her crown of queenly motherhood
She royally doth wear;
Beauty and sweetness were her dower,
Nobility her right;
God save our winsome, gracious Queen,
Ruler by love's own might.

Oh Canada, thy sovereigns come
In royal heartfelt love,
May all their steps be safely kept
By One who rules above;
Raise high the flag of Britain's might,
Strew flowers upon their way;
God save our gracious King and Queen,
Their loving subjects pray.

The Royal Train

The Royal train is passing by;
 Beneath the paling morning stars
A crippled farmer bares his head,
 His son waves from the pasture-bars.

For this he fought on Flanders fields;
 For freedom and for Britain's Crown,
For the good land his father cleared;
 He had no thought of wide renown.

The King and Queen are on his farm,
 His heart beats quick with triumph high;
The war has brought its own reward—
 The Royal train is passing by.

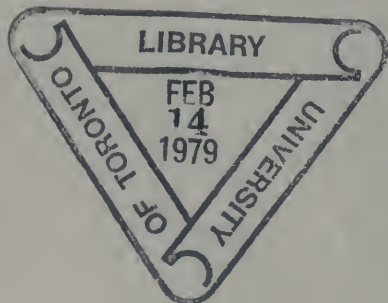
England Yet Shall Stand

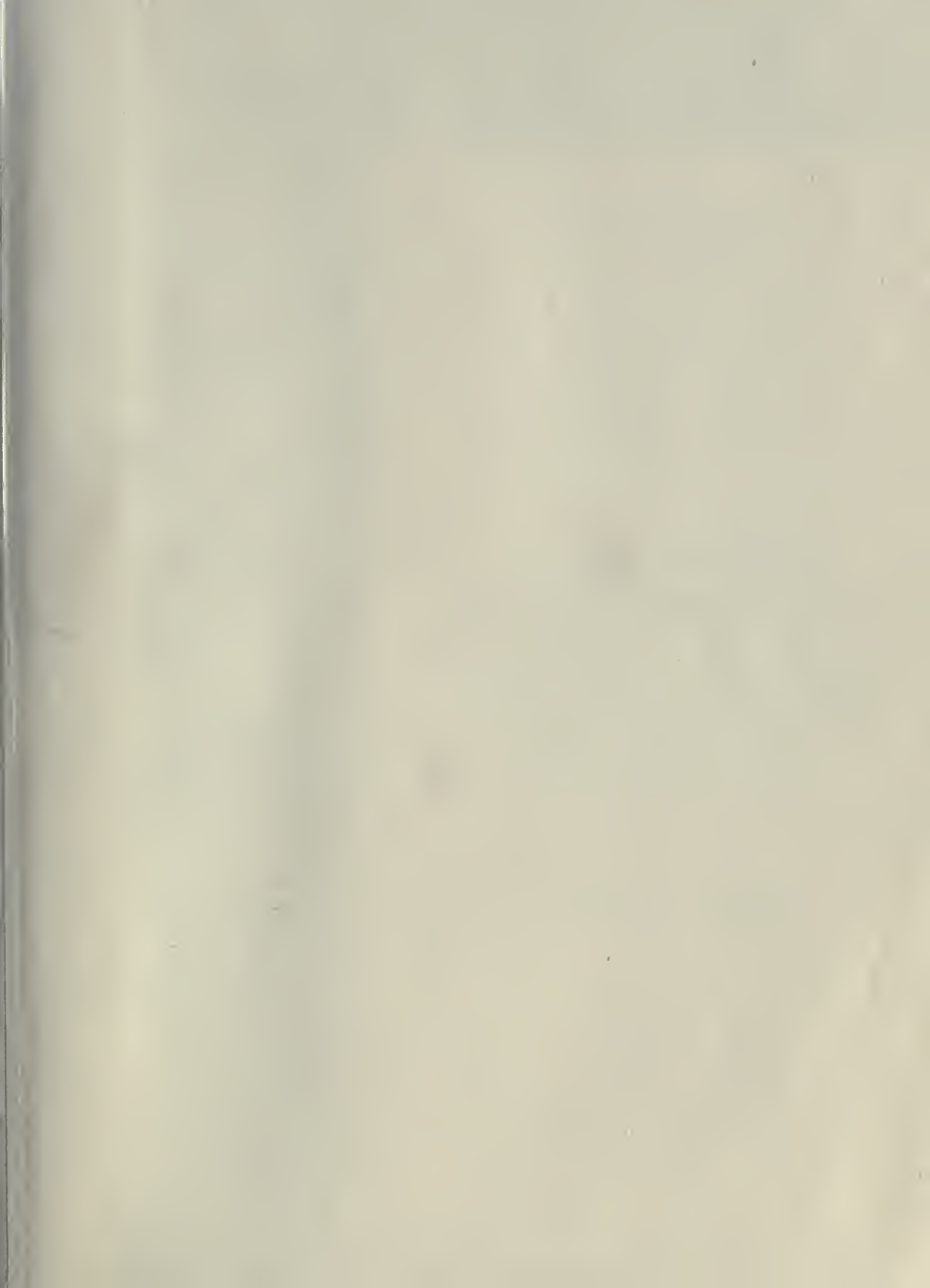
Mighty little fortress kingdom,
Girded by the boundless sea;
Guardian of an ancient freedom,
Cherished for Eternity!
Storms may gather, men may falter—
England yet shall stand.

Fearless friend of weaker nations,
Bounteous donor in their need;
By thy calm and noble patience,
Thou in stress the world dost lead;
Friends may fail thee; foes assail thee—
England yet shall stand.

Storied land of heroes, sages,
(Shakespeare's England, happy, blessed),
Clearer with the passing ages,
Gleams the lode-star of their quest;
Theme of story, land of glory—
England yet shall stand.

Country dear, our fathers' homeland,
Sacred soil where martyrs sleep;
Oh, how dear the name of England,
To her children o'er the deep;
Graven on our hearts forever—
England yet shall stand.





THE MILVERTON SUN

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